

THE MISSIONARY HELPER,

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BY THE

Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE."—*Math. 10: 8.*

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THREE centuries and a half ago, Cortez with his band of followers landed at Vera Cruz. Before proceeding further in their work of conquest, and as a stimulus to its accomplishment, they burnt their ships behind them. Henceforth there was before them the alternative of either victory or death. From a merely human point of view it does not seem strange that the former was secured, though won by the greatest daring and in the presence of extreme peril and hardships. All was staked. The prize was secured.

Stepping from the low plane of worldly and selfish ambition to the high plane of Christian work and experience, the same law or, at least, a similar one prevails. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." So said Christ, and thus gave expression, not simply to a principle but to the principle which occupies the position of the foundation stone of his religion. Few, indeed, of the utterances of Christ were pregnant with a broader and deeper significance. Though paradoxical, these words are expressive of a truth rich and precious, and one exemplified in every true life and noble work. From defeat comes success; from sacrifice, reward; from life lost, life found.

Everything noble and enduring is born of sacrifice. How have not those experiences, regarded as the richest and held as the most sacred, had struggles, disappointments, and even heart-rendings for their precursors. The sunshine is the more

glorious after the storm. The enterprise to which the Christian toiler, be he minister or missionary, or layman, devotes himself with the greatest zeal and energy, and at the same time with the greatest trust in the Master, having for his motto, "This one thing I do," will, other things being equal, prove the most successful. And the same principle applies in respect to the whole individual life. All laid upon the altar, the savor which ascends is most sweet, grateful and enduring, That which seemed flung away returns again enriched in value beyond computation. How great, indeed, will be the riches and possessions of heaven in contrast with the losses and sacrifices of earth!

How glorious and blessed would it be, could the worker in every field and in every undertaking, without distinction of age or sex, become in every particular actuated by the law and spirit in question! To be sure there will be losses of ease, of gratification, of ambitions, and of many things now held dear, but there would be findings of truer Christian experiences, of nobler aims, of larger results and all those things held by God as of great price. When these latter things shall be attained, how small and insignificant will the former seem in contrast with them! With what sweet relish and heartfelt satisfaction will the words be repeated, "Lost but found!"

In no department of Christian effort do these truths find a better application than in the one which has for its object the giving of the gospel to the heathen. The principle of life saved would tell us that we have heathen at home, and that we must retain here all our money and laborers. This same principle, let it be remembered, once voiced itself thus: "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor," and received the fitting rebuke from the Son of God himself. On the other hand, the principle of life lost breaks the box of ointment, and bids us send laborers and money abroad, leaving the result with him whose command we obey. This result, however, is sure and blessed. It is manifest not simply in sheaves gathered on heathen soil, but also in the churches at home. Indeed, it is not always that

we have to wait "many days" for the return of the bread cast upon the waters. Well did Bishop Simpson say in his lectures, recently delivered before the theological students of Yale college: "I believe the missionary cause more than any other meets and subjugates the selfish feelings of men. To it we owe the large contributions made to-day to the erection of churches and the endowment of literary institutions. It is true these are not missionary in their character; but the missionary idea, in its immense grandeur, so fills the heart and enlarges its sympathy and so counteracts the selfishness of every bosom that it leads to grand and noble giving. In almost every instance the liberal benefactors of institutions have had their hearts touched or opened by this missionary spirit." Shall not this truth, so grand and inspiring, increase our faith and quicken our efforts? B.

GO AND TELL.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

The eastern sky was gleaming with the first bright dawn of day,
And the morning mists were lifting where the holy temple lay.

When women, bearing spices, through the silent city sped
To the sealed tomb, where Joseph had laid the precious dead.

They found the tomb unclosed, — an angel bright and fair
Was sitting at the portal, but Jesus was not there.

They passed with awe and wonder, and the shining stranger said,
"Why do ye seek the living among the slumbering dead?"

"Victorious and triumphant, the Lord is risen indeed
Ye bring Him precious spices, of these He has no need.

But, if you love Him, hasten His triumph to proclaim,
And this shall be the incense ye offer to his name.

"Go tell the wondrous story of His redeeming love;
Sweeter than richest spices your humblest word shall prove."

What honor in that message! What glory in that word!
And, as they gladly hasten, they met their risen Lord.

O'erwhelmed with joy and wonder, low at His feet they fell.

"Pause not," He said, "But hasten the glorious news to tell."

And this is your commission, oh, women saved by grace!
To tell of Christ arisen, to all the human race.

REMINISCENCES.

(FIRST YEARS OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

By Mrs. M. M. H. HILLS.

IN the last number of the *HELPER* we left our missionaries on board the *Louvre*, Sept. 21, 1835. At that period a voyage to India, with its outfit, was a very different matter from what it is now, or has been since the opening of the Suez canal and the organized line of steamers. Ships were then from four to six months on their passage around the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta. The *Louvre* made the voyage in about four months. Messrs. Noyes and Phillips were very kindly received at the General Baptist mission at Cuttack, in Southern Orissa. After a general consultation, it was their mutual judgment that it would be better for our missionaries to plant an independent mission rather than to labor jointly with the General Baptists at their stations. So they went inland about two hundred miles to Sumbhulpore, a large town on the Mahanuddy river, and the center of a large population. It was also in the vicinity of the Coles or Khols, one of the aboriginal tribes of India, among whom missionary labors have since been so marvelously successful.

At that early day letters were long in reaching India, and long in returning. But in addition to this, by some unaccountable delay, nineteen months passed away before letters from America greeted our missionaries, while the detention of their remittances—leaving them four months without money—had caused them much suffering. In their extremity God raised them up a friend in the person of Mr. Babington, an English merchant in Sumbhulpore, who, though not a Christian, supplied them with provisions, thus mercifully saving them from starvation. His name should be held in grateful remembrance by all lovers of our mission. Also, Messrs. Roberts and Penny, of Calcutta, hearing in some way of their distress, sent them a loan of money.

This first American package bore to Mr. Phillips the sad tidings that his dear father, who came from Central New York to Boston to be present at the departure of his son, took the small-pox, and that he and his wife had died of the disease many months before. The missionaries had removed into some cheap houses they had built, and had commenced their work with encouraging prospects. Mrs. Phillips had evinced a happy faculty for acquiring the language, so that she was already able to manage the school. But alas! for human hopes. Sickness came and no physician was within reach. The natives were dying by thousands around them. Mr. Noyes' little daughter of sixteen months fell a victim. Mr. and Mrs. Noyes were both very ill. Said Mr. Noyes, in describing their distress, "The voice of mourning echoed through the air every night. There we lay, day after day, and night after night, groan answering to groan. During the time it became necessary that I should be bled. My wife was lifted from her sick bed by the natives, and managed, with a trembling hand, to perform the operation. Mr. Phillips buried his first-born, and his wife soon followed. He shrouded her in a winding-sheet and buried her with his own hands." Her death occurred Nov. 3, 1839. In a letter announcing his bereavement, Mr. Phillips said: "I have had to drink deep in the bitter cup. The very dregs have been wrung out to me. But it is God who has done it; what can I say? . . . The distresses came when no kind brother or sister could be near to speak a word of consolation and assist in performing the last duties to the dead."

The latter part of November Mr. and Mrs. Noyes went to Cuttack for the purpose of recruiting their strength, and Mr. Phillips, whose health had also failed, followed the latter part of January, 1838. Mr. Sutton and his co-laborers advised the temporary relinquishment of the Sumbhulpore station, and offered our missionaries their station at Balasore, which had been left vacant by the return of one of their missionaries to England. Balasore was then a city of 15,000

inhabitants, near the sea, and the chief town in the district. It had a few English residents and a physician. It was a severe trial to Messrs Noyes and Phillips to abandon Sumbhulpore. They felt that good seed had been sown and much light diffused in that extensive and long-neglected country. Indeed, fruits of those labors did appear after many days. But the unerring finger of Providence seemed to point to Balasore, and thankfully accepting the generous offer of the Orissa brethren they entered upon their work. They brought six of their Sumbhulpore orphan school-children, collected others, and soon had a promising school, nor was it long before they rejoiced over converts from heathenism.

In June, 1839, Mr. Phillips married Miss Mary Ann Grimditch, adopted daughter of Mr. Mack, Baptist minister at Serampore. She was left an orphan at the age of six years, by the death of her father in the Burmese war. During this year the missionaries prosecuted their work energetically at the station, and in the cold season traveled quite extensively in the country, telling the good tidings to the heathen, and distributing large numbers of tracts and portions of the Scriptures.

Jan. 17, 1840, Mr. Phillips became the father of twin sons whom he named James and John, and expressed himself as having no greater desire respecting them than that they should prove themselves worthy their apostolic names and become good ministers of Jesus among the heathen. How well his aspirations have been realized regarding James is known to us all. John, when he was nearly fifteen years of age said to me, "My father will have to give up the hope of my ever being a missionary or a minister. I can't be either, but I will work to sustain those whom God calls." He subsequently engaged in business in Chicago, and I have been assured that he has kept this promise with Christian fidelity, having rendered no small pecuniary aid to his father, and also to his brother Jeremiah and sisters, while pursuing their collegiate studies. Five of the latter are missionaries.

In February, 1840, a man presented himself at the mission, saying that he had come 250 miles from the Talinga country to hear about the invisible God and how to find him. Somewhere, three tracts had been put into his hands, which he took to his village, where they were read openly. He said, "They told about one true and invisible God, and one Jesus Christ who was said to be his Son and the Saviour of sinners. The books for some time were daily used in the center of the village, till some of us began to conclude that if the books were true then the religion of the country must be false. At this many were displeased and said that by reading them they should become outcasts. Only eight remained firm, and as we met with much opposition, we made it our practice to retire once or twice a week to the jungle to read the books and pray to the invisible God. We gave up the worship of idols, and broke all the badges of idolatry. At length we concluded we needed some one to teach us the true religion. My comrades said to me, 'You are the oldest and we will send you in search of a teacher. You shall go to him and become a Christian, and then return and tell us; and where you go there we will go, and what you do that we will do.' Then all took an oath by the book of the invisible God, which they held in their hands, and I departed. After traveling some distance I was told there was a Padre Sahib at Balasore. Thus hearing, I came to this place and inquired for your house; and now, sir, I wish to hear the word of the Lord by which I and my comrades may be saved." Mr. Noyes, to test him, said, "This is a year of great scarcity. If you become a Christian, you will, I suppose, expect something to live upon." "Sir, I am no beggar. I have sufficient for the support of myself and family. I always felt I was a sinner, and after reading those books I felt I was a great sinner. My sins are as numerous as the drops of the ocean." Mr. Noyes asked if he learned from the books how sins could be forgiven. He said, "not clearly, but I learned that Christ was the Saviour of sinners." Do you know what He did to save them?" "That is what I wish to know." Mr. Noyes then taught him the mission of Jesus, to which he listened as for life. Soon afterwards he gave satisfactory evidence of being a true believer, and Mr. Noyes baptised him and another interesting convert.

[*To be continued.*]

THE HINDU, WHO IS HE?

IN *Woman's Work for Woman*, Padri Sahib is writing a series of articles on India. We present the following one to our readers, as it seems to give definite information in regard to that class of people by whom our missionaries are surrounded. It may awaken a thirst for a careful study of the history of India and its races : —

The simplest answer to this question would be given by saying, He is a native of India. And this is the definition common in the minds of thousands of people in this country. This answer would not satisfy the Hindu, however, much less many of the various nationalities of India. Let us see if we can get any better understanding of "our Aryan brother."

One thing very apparent to all who have been in India is the variety of different and mixed nationality represented in every large town and city. This variety is seen in the physical structure, facial appearance, color, and often in the speech of the people. How is it to be accounted for? Have we here one race metamorphosed by climate and other influences, or have we a medley of nations? These questions are partly answered by history, partly by philology. From these sources we learn that, away back in prehistoric times, a Tartar race emigrated from the regions north of Hindustan, and pouring down through the passes of the great Himalayas began to spread themselves over the plains of India. They found the land already occupied by a people ready to dispute their right of possession. A long war ensued, resulting in time in the extermination of all the aborigines, excepting such as took refuge in the fastnesses of the mountains. The descendants of these aboriginal tribes are recognized in the Santhals, Bhils, Garos, Kohls, and other tribes inhabiting the hills and mountains of Northeastern Bengal and Central India.

After the Tartar occupation of India — no one knows how long — the advent of a new people was announced. The Aryan hordes inhabiting the regions of Central Asia, somewhere about the Hindu Kush, having spread themselves over Persia and Europe, penetrating as far as the British islands, now turned eastward, and descending through the passes northwest of the Panjab, invaded India, and conquering their Tartar predecessors they either brought them into servitude or drove them into the southern part of the peninsula.

The descendants of these Aryan invaders are those who founded the Hindu nations of India. The religion of the servile Tartar races having been gradually absorbed into the religion of their conquerors, these races became a part of the Brahminical hierarchy, and so are properly called Hindus. Still, owing to the power of the caste system, the ethnical lines are kept distinct. Here then is the Hindu of the period. Small additions have been made from among the Nepaulese and other hill tribes to the Brahmin hierarchy, forming *new castes*, but changing, in name at least, the national distinction. Properly, therefore, none should be described as Hindus who do not owe allegiance to the Brahmins. Certainly no others are so regarded by the people of India themselves.

The succeeding invasions of Pathan and Mogal, of Portuguese and English, have added largely to the population, introducing new races, or mingling races by intermarriage with the Hindus, or by proselyting them to foreign religions. But in all this the Hindus keep themselves pure by cutting off the rebellious members. No one in India would speak of any of the forty million Mohammedans as Hindus. Having intermarried with their converts, the Moslems appear as a separate people, just as Europeans and half castes are separate. The case is different with Christian converts, inasmuch as they, as a rule, do not intermarry with their Christian rulers, and are, therefore, the nucleus of what will be the Christian Hindu people of India.

TO WESTERN WORKERS.

THE November number of the *HELPER* stated that Miss Cilley would spend the winter working for missions in the Central Association. This was the arrangement, but the death of my brother's wife occurred so soon after mother died, that I could not go when expected. Then the care of those left in both families — three little ones and three men — holds me still. But while I wait God gives me work to do, even for my own India. As Western Home Secretary, allow me a word with our workers.

From some of the Western District secretaries I receive enthusiastic letters. But the West is so unwieldy, the churches are so far apart, that one can go but little, and must there-

fore write the more. Let us aim to organize a society in each church; let us not rest till there be everywhere Q. M. organizations, and let its public meeting be one of the best enjoyed at each session. You will not need to ask twice for some good time to call your own if you will but take it and improve it. Get an hour when you can expect a full house, especially when the women can come, and then pray, and talk, and give, till God blesses the work and your own hearts most abundantly. Where there are not Y. M. organizations let us organize at our next Y. M. sessions.

The Central Association, at its last meeting, asked the ladies to organize Auxiliaries, and the official letter from its Secretary asking me to come and work among them, said, "We desire especially to arouse the women of the association to systematic effort in behalf of missions." Can I not help now before I come to you? Mrs. E. D. Jordan, the Home Secretary for the East, kindly offers to assist me, so write to her and you will get inspiration from her letters as I do. She will give you in New York, or in the West, directions for organizing and carrying on the work, and perhaps a letter now and then for your meetings.

Finally, let me ask, are you taking the *HELPER*? It will aid you and make your work far easier. See that large clubs are secured for it and you will aid the work here and in India. The *Morning Star*, too, should be taken by all—it is an inspiration every week.

Let me ask Mrs. Brewster to print the addresses of the Western District secretaries,* that those in each Y. M. may know where to address their secretary. She may not know you need help. Write and tell her. If we work, success shall result.

LIBBIE CILLEY.

Mrs. Toothaker, of Maine, leaves by her will \$1,000 to the Home and F. M. Societies each, and \$500 each to the Education Society and Storer Normal School, thereby building an enduring monument in the gratitude of those who shall be blessed by her benevolence.

* See Notes and Gleanings.

THE WOMAN'S INTEREST AT OUR Q. M'S.

It is not a pleasant task for us to take a part in public meetings, but the needs of the missionary work, both home and foreign, are so great that we must talk and pray for it wherever we can reach the largest number of people. Previous to the session of the Cumberland Q. M., at South Gorham, our secretary sent a card to each of the active churches in the county with the following request: "Will you please inform me if there is a missionary auxiliary in your church? If there is, will you give me the number of its members, and of the meetings held during the past year. Also the amount of money collected, and the number of subscribers to the *MISSIONARY HELPER*? Will you also see that a delegate is sent from your church to South Gorham to represent the missionary interest there?"

To thirteen such requests, only six answers were received, revealing to us the sad fact that in our whole Q. M. we had but three auxiliaries and three children's bands in the same churches.

January 29 was a most lovely winter's day. The sleighing was excellent, and the little church was well filled. A sermon was preached at 2 o'clock, and from 3 till 4 was devoted to our work. As is often the case, two of the women whom we had depended upon for assistance were unable to be present. But we had Divine help and the sympathy of our good ministers. A full programme of this meeting may be of assistance to other timid and shrinking secretaries:—

1. Singing two stanzas of "I Need Thee Every Hour."
2. Reading of selected passages. Prov. 19: 17; Prov. 11: 24-30; 2 Cor. 9: 6-8; Ps. 126: 5, 6; Gal. 6: 9; 1 Cor. 15: 5-8.
3. Prayer for the success of our meeting and work, by Rev. C. S. Perkins.
4. Reading of list of churches to get the names of the delegates.

We then sent our thoughts and sympathies to Jellasore, India, and listened to the reading of two of Miss Crawford's

letters, and of one from one of her native teachers, Miss Nelly Cole. Earnest prayer was then offered for this dear, brave woman and her work in India, by Mr. R. Deering.

So united were the hearts of the audience in this prayer, that we believe Miss Crawford must have received at that moment a heavenly telegram, bidding her "Be strong and of a good courage, for the Lord thy God ; He it is that doth go with thee ; He will not fail thee or forsake thee." Two verses of "From Greenland's icy mountains" were sung, followed by verbal reports of the work in West Buxton by Rev. F. K. Chase, and of that in Portland by Rev. C. S. Perkins. A most encouraging and interesting letter from the auxiliary in West Falmouth was presented, and a short talk was given by the Q. M. secretary upon the reasons why women in America should work for women in India, and upon the need of forming auxiliaries in our Q. M. The claims of the HELPER to our co-operation and assistance were pleaded, and twelve new subscriptions for the same were received. A poem was then read by Miss Mattie Roberts, and the service closed with singing, "Work, for the Night is Coming."

The York Co. Q. M. met at Saco, February 5th, and our meeting was held at 2 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Mosher was expected to attend this, and, when we arrived in Saco, Wednesday morning without her, we found that so much dependence had been placed on her presence, that no other preparation had been made but to give out the appointment for the meeting. There were present, however, three earnest women and two young girls, who had a mind to work and were willing to do whatsoever their hands found to do. The materials we worked with were several copies of *Life and Light*, packages of letters from Miss Crawford and Miss Julia E. Phillips, and a letter written by Mrs. Morrell, of Harper's Ferry, to the children. We trust that good seed was sown by the use of these in some barren heart, which shall make its wilderness blossom like the rose. Mrs. Hutchinson, an earnest worker, conducted the meeting. Very few auxiliaries can show as active

and successful a record as that of the Saco church, and it is due largely to the faithful labors of its officers. This society was formed in last July, and have collected since then over \$100. They hold regular monthly meetings with a large attendance, and the doings of each meeting are recorded in full by the secretary, and read at each succeeding meeting.

The women of the Otisfield Q. M. which was held on February 5th, were to have the assistance of Mrs. D. F. Smith, our returned missionary. In these Q. M's there has been excellent preparation for these meetings by the writing of original essays on practical subjects connected with our womans' work.

E. D. J.

MYRTLE HALL.

ONE floor of Myrtle Hall is already occupied ; more funds still are needed, especially to meet incidental expenses which are not included in finishing rooms. The treasury of this society is open to receive money for this purpose. If auxiliaries and individuals will pay for doors and windows \$3.00 each, or take one or more shares in the hall, \$10.00 each, it shall be applied on the incidental account.

The rooms are all taken, but they must be furnished at an expense of about \$20.00 each. Some societies can furnish the bedding for these rooms better than they can give money ; to such we make an especial appeal. Forward your boxes of material as fast as possible to the following address : Miss Lura E. Brackett, Harper's Ferry, West Va. Persons from the East can send via boat from Boston or New York to Baltimore, then by B. & O. R. R. Those sending boxes will make a careful estimate of their value, and send the same to the Treasurer of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society of Dover, N. H. It shall be reported at the close of our financial year.

The work has been wonderfully blessed, and we doubt not the same kind care will be over it to the end. Let none of us fail to do our part, nor cease our labor until every brick, window, and door is paid for, and every room furnished.

L. A. DEMERITTE.

WHY WE CANNOT FORM AN AUXILIARY.

WE are confident that the following words from *Life and Light* will be helpful to more than one, who is shrinking from her convictions of duty, through timidity and fear of failure. We suggest that those women, who have experience and are in possession of the enthusiasm and strength that comes from connection with a live, working auxiliary, go out and help to organize and encourage new societies : —

First. "We cannot form an Auxiliary, because there is no one willing to take the office of President or Secretary or Treasurer."

My dear sister, there is a short way out of this difficulty. Offer to take one office yourself. When one person has consented, the others will follow.

"But I do not feel as if I could." This is encouraging, for the women whose service the church most needs are not those who are sure they can succeed, but those who are willing to try.

Be willing to run the risk of mortifying failure for Christ's sake. These are days when hundreds of diffident women have nerved themselves to do what seemed impossible, for the love of their dear Master. Will not you?

But, Second, "We cannot form an Auxiliary, because we cannot raise the amount required to constitute one."

Well, then, put aside for a time the thought of money at all. Try to gather a little company to pray for the multitudes in darkness, and those who are trying to save them. Remember that the Woman's Board needs your prayers, even more than your money; and not only your social prayers, but your daily, heartfelt prayers in secret. An Auxiliary of a dozen persons who pray faithfully in their closets for the missionary work, will be a power in itself.

"But the money!"

For the first year leave that unpledged. Let the measure of your gift be your ability.

But do not forget in your prayers to ask that the means may be forthcoming for the work, and debt forever done away with; and thus you each may be a faithful steward. And see if at the end of the year, your Auxiliary has not given more than you dared to hope.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM BALASORE.

THERE had been about three weeks' vacation in the Zenana department, and I had been absent from the station a week besides, so that on my return I was quite anxious to begin teaching again. I had such a pleasant time making my first calls at the houses where I teach that I want to tell you all about it.

My first call was at the home of one of our deputy magistrates, Gopal Babu. He has a very good English education. I am sure that many of our college students would be very much astonished and perhaps a little mortified to note his familiarity with English literature. His table is quite loaded with English books and newspapers. His family have, in many respects, almost European manners. It is very gratifying to notice occasionally a Hindoo home where the women are treated with respect.

The numerous screens, winding, dark passages, and persistently closed doors, so noticeable in most of the houses we visit, are wanting here. The wife, a pleasant lady of about twenty-two, received me in the *presence of her husband* with as much ease and cordiality as a home friend might have done.

After a pleasant chat with the Babu and his wife, the children, two little girls of about nine and five years of age, came in. They seemed quite pleased to have me come back. Hiran, the eldest, who is studying English, displayed with a great deal of pride the amount of studying which she had done in my absence. Her father takes much pains with her education. He seems anxious, especially that she should learn English well. The younger scholar is a timid little one who stood gazing at me with her great eyes, quite pleased, but saying never a word unless spoken to directly.

I have often had long talks here on the subject of religion. They believe much of the Bible, but the Babu, professedly belonging to no sect, is at heart a deist. He says he cannot understand in the least the necessity of an atonement. So, while he admires the character of Christ, and considers it most worthy of emulation, he does not look upon him as anything more than human. It seems sad as well as strange to see how very unreasonable these professedly reasonable people can be.

My next call was upon a much poorer family, though not

less interesting. Here I never see the Babu ; his wife and widowed sister-in-law are my pupils. After my visit home was duly discussed we went to reading. The widow, a pleasant, quiet little lady, had some time before asked me for a Testament. This she was now reading with the deepest interest. Very often in the course of the lesson I remember how she stopped to look up in my face, with such a happy, earnest expression on her own, and exclaim, after reading of our Saviour's words and deeds : "O how kind, how loving and beautiful." At last she said : "I wish we could obey this Saviour, but how can we ? We would be turned out of our homes with no means of support, and we would be thought low and vile for appearing among people ; but I do pray to Jesus in my own house, and I believe he hears me."

I called at one more house that afternoon, and found another cordial welcome awaiting me. My pupil at this last place is a widow, a very extraordinary woman indeed. Her husband died when she was about seven years of age ; since that time she has used every possible means for acquiring an education, so that now, in spite of poverty and numberless other obstacles, she is quite proficient in both Bengali and Oryia. She has a very tender heart. I well remember seeing the tears fill her eyes as she first heard the story of the cross.

Do you wonder, dear friends, that I came home from my work very happy that day ? Surely the morning is dawning in India. Yours in Christian love, IDA PHILLIPS.

MIDNAPORE LIFE.

SEPT. 6th. The Zenana work this morning was very pleasant, that is the work part of it. The sun just blazed, and the ground, brimful of water, steamed, while the rank vegetation everywhere, often growing in the water, made the air full of odor. In the gullies and winding lanes the trees often meet overhead, and the water and vegetation come close to the narrow paths. The dwellings in the midst of all this are wet and steamy, and sometimes nearly stifling ; the thick hedges make it still closer. This is what we call the "bazzars," though the real bazar roads are quite another thing. The carriage is left on the road while the teachers go on foot among the houses. Some of our houses are on the street, but not many of them.

However, this is not quite what we intended to talk about. In one of those secluded houses, in and in, even from the se-

cluded entrance, a lovely Braman lady and her daughter were learning. While Jessie was explaining, "Come unto me," etc., the lady's face lighted up and she said: "Yes, that is just what the prince's wife told me the other day." Jessie asked, "Have you seen her?" She answered, "Yes, she sent an invitation for me to come and see her, and she talked a great deal about Jesus, how he really could answer prayer, that he had even answered hers; and she told me to believe every word the teachers said, for they were all true and good, and would make me happy." Hearing this, all discomfort seemed nothing and less than nothing. My soul exulted.

The readers of the *HELPER* may wish to know how these shut-up ladies can visit their friends. Listen! A palanquin, (which you may know is a long, covered box, with a door at each side, and a pole inserted in each end,) is brought by the men of the family into the Zenana apartments. After those who are to make the visit are in, it is shut up tight and a cloth thrown over, so as to hang down all around. Then the bearers carry it wherever it is to be taken, and it is carefully set down in the Zenana of the friend's house. This kind of visiting is not much indulged in, and, it would seem, is confined to ladies who have had several children. This is the rule; of course there are exceptions. In other houses marked attention showed that the teaching was good, and in all encouraging.

MRS. S. P. BACHELER.

FROM NELLY COLE TO MRS. DEERING, OF PORTLAND, ME.

JELLASORE, NOV. 16, 1878.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Accept my love and kisses. I have received your letter and for this am very happy. First I learned that you are well and in comfort. Through your prayers I, also, am now well, and am passing my days pleasantly. Last month I was very ill with fever. In the village where I teach, for fourteen days I was ill. Then I sent word to Miss Crawford, and she sent and had me brought home, like a dear mother as she is to me. For nine days the folks in the house where I boarded would not give me a drop of water to drink or to bathe with. They would not leave it anywhere within my reach. Had Miss Crawford not brought me home I must have soon died. The dear Lord has saved me from death, and is giving me time and strength to labor more in His vineyard.

You say you cannot do work here, hence I must be your substitute. I was much pleased to hear that. If I, all the time,

do this work well, the blessing of the Lord will rest upon me. You know I am an unworthy child ; I can do nothing great, but if in accordance with His will I do the little faithfully which he commits to my hands, he can make that little great. I wish to work for him until my latest breath. Never forget to pray for me. I have now been home nearly a month.

To-day, after coming from covenant meeting, I am writing you. In the place where I teach there are still many ill with fever. The girl who went to supply my place has returned, and Monday I must go back. My substitute says twenty children attended the school while she was there. She thinks them eager to learn. All the girls in Miss Crawford's school send love to you. Be kind enough to write me again. My prayer is that the Lord will bless you and all his people.

With love, your daughter,

NELLY COLE.

Accompanying Nelly's letter is the following from Miss Crawford :—

MANY hearty thanks to you for writing Nelly. Your letter did her good. Poor girl ! when I heard how ill she was, away in that heathen village, I sent Silas Curtis at once with medicines, but he wrote back that there was little chance of her recovery in that place, so I sent bearers, and had her brought home on a cot. She soon began to improve and at the expiration of three weeks seemed well and strong. This morning, long before the sun was up, she was on her way to Bahma-na Berea, to resume her work. Silas has been spending a week in that village. He was to return Saturday, but instead of coming wrote me this : "Several to whom I have given medicine are much better, and now they say, "You have been doing good to our bodies, now stay a few days more and do good to our souls." I go from house to house to talk with families. They receive me with great love and urge so hard for me to remain that I have concluded to do so." His letter shows that he is greatly cheered. He says, "I cannot tell you now of all the good signs, but will have much to say when I get home." He supposed Rev. J. Phillips would be here to spend the Sabbath and administer the Lord's Supper, but not being well he did not come, still I was glad Silas remained to preach to the heathen. Much prayer is needed for God's blessing on all our efforts. We are sowing the seed, and a harvest must come sometime.

Yours affectionately,

L. CRAWFORD.

OUT IN CAMP.

BHIMPORE, Dec. 25, 1878.

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME: A merry, merry Christmas for each and every one! We have just dined under a magnificent Banyan tree. We are at "home again."

Well nigh four years ago, as we touched the dear old American shores, our whole souls sung "Home again, Home again, from a foreign shore," and we wondered if our cold hearts were capable of keener joy! But who hath ever measured his capacity for joy or woe even in this life? or how shall we tell you of the inexpressible delight and gratitude that thrilled us through and through as we glided up the Ganges, and dropped our anchor in Calcutta harbor, and met the dear ones awaiting us there. Our voyage across the Atlantic was too rough for us sea-sick mortals to appreciate anything but its brevity. *Two* of our large party, however, "had *never* a qualm," not even of conscience, for they "went about doing good," and trying to raise us "poor fallen creatures."

The World's Missionary Conference, at London, though not what we had anticipated, was a rare treat. To stand "face to face" with veterans from remote heathen shores, and from the Isles of the Sea, was indeed a privilege, but the crowning feature of the assemblage was the presence and voice of the venerable Mr. Moffat of Africa as we have said before.

From Liverpool to Calcutta we were blessed with a Christian captain, and calm seas unruffled by a single stormy day. It was a most delightful voyage. Quite the reverse of the one we made fourteen years before, which commenced with a wild gale that swept our brave captain overboard; was marked with severe storms, *dead* calms, and head winds, and ended in a long, dreary rain and a scarcity of the bare necessities of life. The decade that followed in India witnessed the terrible famine with its untold misery; our mission with all its bright prospects at the point of death; the heart of every member of it well-nigh crushed with despair ere the crisis was reached and it began to rally, and, finally, a fearful cyclone that swept like a besom of destruction through our little homes. Now we are saying to ourselves, "Is this delightful voyage a bright foreshadowing of the days to come?"

We entered the Ganges Thanksgiving day, November 28, and never were our hearts more thankful. How our spirits flitted between the American and Indian shores, and how the tender "good byes" and the joyous welcomes struggled for the

victory that day! All the way up the river the old palms gracefully waved their welcomes. The banks, arrayed in living green, stretched out their bright lengths for us, and sooner or later from the hearts in the mud huts there will come a true welcome, for we have "glad tidings" for them which "will fly from shore to shore."

And what a hearty welcome we had at Midnapore! How bright and beautiful our old home, all ready for us, looked! Over all the gates, the new school house, printing office, chapel; here, there and everywhere, the natives had posted the word "Welcome," in English and Bengali, and the Saturday evening after our arrival they gave us a reception, which made us quite as grateful as any we had received on the home shore.

Our Yearly Meeting was holden at Midnapore, and every member of our mission family was present. I need not try to tell you what a joyous meeting it was, nor how bright and encouraging the work looks, though its vastness is so overwhelming that we find ourselves crying out, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

At the close of the Yearly Meeting came the wedding.* The native chapel was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and was well filled with Europeans—station people—missionaries, and native Christians. Just as the sun had fallen below the horizon, and the whole sky was glowing with inexpressible beauty, and a holy hush was creeping over all nature, up the broad aisle there was a faint rustling of muslin, pure and white, a soft floating of a gossamer veil—a scent of bridal flowers—a moment's pause; then clearly and surely from two devoted hearts, "I promise," "I promise," and they were no longer "twain." Let us whisper to you, curious sisters at home, that the bride looked very beautiful, and the bridegroom just as bridegrooms always have since the first one beheld his lovely helpmeet. Our simple table at the wedding supper was graced with wedding cake from Lewiston and Pascoag, and home fruits, which brought the dear ones on that precious shore very near to us, and you may each remember you had a "reserved seat." At 9 o'clock that evening a "vine-covered cottage" was opened, and the happy couple entered it, as we all sung "Home, sweet Home," and from our hearts prayed that it might be indeed a bright home in this dark land.

The next day found us packing up, or rather packing away, every conceivable thing in order to start for the Jungle. At noon, some of us on horses, the rest in a tip-cart (my phaeton),

* Mr. R. M. Lawrence with Miss Frankie Millard.

were off for the Santal country. I wish I had time to tell you how our bullocks got tired, laid down by the roadside and would'nt move an inch, and then during the night ran off and were nowhere to be found in the morning, and also about our spending the night on straw in a little school-house, and, best of all, of our little meeting in that same house, where one of the Santal men said at the close of the service: "This is the first time I ever heard of this God or this new religion. What is it all about?" Need I tell you we forgot the weary day, forgot we had mud walls around us, and rice straw for our beds, and simply thanked God for the privilege of bearing the first glad tidings to one sad, weary heart! To-day, at 11 o'clock, way off in the distance, we saw our little umbrella tent peeping out from under this grand old tree, and here we are, but must leave you now, to send a cooly off thirty miles to get us a little *bread*. Yours affectionately, MARY R. PHILLIPS.

TO THE LADIES OF THE F. B. M. SOCIETY.

We, the Storer Normal girls, of Harper's Ferry, wish to express a word of thanks to our kind friends for their arduous work in befriending a struggling institution. We know something of the sacrifices that have been made by you. Though many, many miles separate us, it cannot lessen our esteem and gratitude towards you. We have had the pleasure of seeing some of you and hope to see others, but we will not run the risk of giving our thanks verbally to all of you, but avail ourselves of the privilege to explain them in as emphatic a form as written words will allow.

If you could have witnessed the preparation for the removal, eager faces and happy hearts would have still better verified what we wish to express. Those of us who were crowded at the Lockwood House, and some who have come in recently, took up our abode in Myrtle Hall, January 11, occupying the whole of the first floor. As we look back to the time when there was nothing save a foundation, it seems almost impossible that we now have such a noble building; and we are very grateful for your efforts and for the many prayers that have ascended to God for our prosperity.

When we think of our dear fore-parents, how *they* were deprived of their rights by the cruel bonds of slavery, we are sad that what is ours to-day was never theirs. Yet, glad and grateful, trusting that their loss may prove to us an eternal gain, may we in the coming years requite them

for their hard struggles! It was supposed that our oppressed race had no need of education, but thanks be to the Supreme Ruler, such prejudices have been partially obliterated, and may the time soon come when they shall be known no more. And while we enjoy these blessings we would not be forgetful of the millions in benighted lands, who know nothing of the *true* God and his infinite love and mercy, but in their blindness "bow down to wood and stone."

Perhaps there are some who would like for us to tell you how Myrtle Hall is located. The front faces the east where the rising sun presents a grand and picturesque scene. We also have from the same point the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, rushing on to the ocean. On either side of us are heights within which we are encircled. The view is grand from every point.

We are hoping to dedicate the Hall at our next anniversary in May. We are thankful that God has made you his agent in obtaining for us the right which enables us to-day to fit ourselves for honorable and useful lives.

A number of us can only attend school a part of the year. Many of us leave with the brightest hopes of returning, but fortune does not always smile upon us, and pecuniary affairs do not always allow us to do as we would like.

We trust that this Hall may prove the sentiment of a stanza of the beautiful corner-stone hymn:—

A monument this Hall shall be
To Science, Truth, and Industry,
A monument to woman's name,—
Grand work for woman is its aim.

We thank you every one with more gratitude than can easily find expression in the words, "God bless you."

We close by saying, Long live the Woman's F. B. Missionary Society! Gratefully, Storer Normal Girls,

By ETTA LOVETT.

INDIA ADDRESSES.

Mrs. J. Phillips, Dantoon, Bengal,	India.
Miss Lovina Crawford, Jellasure, Orissa,	"
Mrs. O. R. Bachelier, Midnapore,	"
Mrs. A. J. Marshall, Balasore, Orissa,	"
Mrs. Dr. J. L. Phillips, Midnapore,	"
Mrs. R. M. Lawrence, Midnapore,	"
Miss Julia E. Phillips, Dantoon,	"
Miss Ida O. Phillips, Balasore, Orissa,	"
Miss Hattie P. Phillips, Dantoon, Bengal,	"
Miss Jessie Hooper, care R. M. Lawrence, Midnapore, India.	
Miss Mary E. Bachelier, Midnapore, India.	

WORKERS IN COUNCIL.

WESTERN MAINE.

Miss Hasty, Dis. Secretary of Me. Western Y. M., writes to the Home Secretary thus: "I find no greater obstacle in my work than indifference on the part of those from whom you have reason to expect help and sympathy. The majority of the pastors in this Q. M. think but little of Women's Missionary meetings, and it is with inward fears and quakings that I mention the subject to them. Indeed one can scarcely realize the depression and contracting influence they bring to bear upon their churches and people." Is not this very true which she has written, and are there not also some of our most intelligent and best pastors who will not understand that the women's work and the children's work is all one, and that both are in harmony with that of the parent Society?

Of the East Parsonfield Auxiliary she says: "They have no pastor and no meetings in their church, but they come together regularly every month and pay the month's due at each meeting. Those who are not members are invited to be present, but are charged eight cents for admittance."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mrs. Bradley, of Danville, Secretary of the Auxiliary, writes: "Our last public meeting was an original preparation by our worthy President, Mrs. Lowell. The first fifteen minutes were spent in singing by the congregation. Then came the general exercise of Questions on Giving, answered by different members of the Society, mostly from the Bible. These were interspersed with singing by the choir and original recitations. A paper was read entitled 'The Missionary Echo' containing interesting missionary intelligence and other entertaining matter. There was also the singing of solos and quartettes."

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We have the following cheering words from among the mountains, under date of February 17. Mrs. Wiley writes:—

"At our solicitation, Mrs. F. S. Mosher, District Secretary of the New Hampshire Y. M., was with us at the last session of the Lisbon Q. M., which convened at Littleton the first of this month. Saturday afternoon was devoted to the consideration of our several missions and the Sunday-school. Mrs. Mosher made an eloquent appeal for the HELPER, and spoke in the interests of Harper's Ferry. Sunday afternoon Mrs. Mosher treated us to a very excellent address on the subject of missions in general and the work and aims of the Woman's Missionary Society in particular. The collection which followed amounted to \$38.51. Of this \$25 is to pay for finishing a room in Myrtle Hall, Storer College, which will be furnished by the Littleton church and be known as the Littleton room. The \$13.20 which Mrs. Mosher refused to accept as traveling expenses, is to be paid towards furnishing her room in Myrtle Hall. Mrs. Mosher bore away with her the benediction of many tolling ones in this vicinity, who were helped and encouraged by her visit."

VERMONT.

At the late session of Corinth Q. M., which convened with the Second church in Corinth, a Woman's Mission meeting was held, which has been the custom for more than two years. Our difficulty usually has been to find the most convenient hour. At this time it was Saturday afternoon, precisely at 6 o'clock, continuing until half-past 7. Our exercises are usually as follows: Prayer by some sister; opening remarks relative to our work, its interests and needs; the Secretary's report of the preceding meeting; reports from Auxiliary Societies in the Q. M.; also from others, if we have them, followed by an essay. At the present meeting, instead, we were favored with an address from Mrs. A. J. Dutton, which was listened to with interest. Then followed remarks by various sisters, our pastor, and others who wished to speak a good word for the work. The time was all occupied, and the occasion one of interest. Every hour spent thus should tell on the future interests of our mission work. Will not our agents in each Q. M. arrange for a meeting at each session? Do let us be urgent in the cause.

MRS. F. P. EATON, *Dis. Sec.*

We learn of the following barrels being sent to Harper's Ferry: Lavinia Fox, Ashford, N. Y., 1 barrel, valued at \$45; 1 barrel from South Norridgewock, Me., by Miss L. Walker; Mrs. Bean, of Limerick, Me., says: "We set a valuable barrel rolling December 26, a Christmas gift to Myrtle Hall." It is especially desired that those who send barrels or boxes shall report the same to Miss DeMerritte, with their estimated value.

SEVERAL young ladies in Hillsdale, Mich. (list given in receipts), have sent in amount \$5 to be applied on Miss Ida Phillips' salary. This sum is made up of prizes awarded in the Hillsdale F. B. S. S. for the best-drawn maps of Palestine; a condition of the contest being that the successful ones should donate their prize to Foreign Missions.

MRS. P. Messer, of Great Bend, Kas., the mother of Mrs. M. M. Pinney, died on Dec. 28, 1878. Just before her death she gave \$1 for India. This money she intended to send on her birthday. She would have been eighty-four years old on the 11th of January.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Champlin, Minn.—Twenty members. They are to finish a room in Myrtle Hall for their first work.

Agency City, Iowa—Sixteen members. Meet every Thursday afternoon.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Wish to finish a room in Myrtle Hall.

Brunswick, Me.—Sends for five copies of the *HELPER*, that it may live.

Weld, Me.—Strong in the purposes of its workers.

Hamlet, N. Y.—Welcome.

WILL each Auxiliary and Band correspond with its Q. M. or District Secretary as soon as it is formed? Also, let us know of your existence; send name of your Secretary.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

"SIX cents" is the answer we give to a correspondent who inquires at what price a single copy can be furnished.

WILL agents or persons sending us names please state which are new subscribers, or give the former initials to those renewed?

FOR "India Map" address Lyman E. Page, post-office box 2,817, New York city. Every church should have one. Price, 75 cents.

A GOOD friend sends us \$3.00 to pay for ten copies, to be sent to worthy persons not able to subscribe, in the Shenandoah valley.

WE, who look into the grave filled with the light of the cross, do not know how dark it is for the heathen.—*Heathen Woman's Friend*.

ONE woman, during forty years of active service in the Sandwich Islands, educated 1,000 Hawaiian girls.—*Id.*

BRAVE Mary Lyon used to tell her pupils to go where no one else was willing to go. Sixty of her graduates became missionaries for Jesus.—*Id.*

THE thank-offering called for among the Baptists, in view of the great awakening among the Telogoos in India, amounted to about \$6,000 up to January 1.

OUR list of subscribers now numbers about 2,200. We hope to reach 3,000, and shall be able to do it if all our friends do their whole duty. Some 500 who were subscribers last year have not yet renewed. There is a marked deficiency in some portions of the West and the Provinces.

IT is a matter of general interest and thanksgiving that the Woman's Board (Cong.) has recently received a pledge of \$25,000 for the endowment of a woman's department in Armenia College at Harpoot, Eastern Turkey. Mrs. Albert Bowker, President of the Board, is appointed one of the trustees. The Christian college becomes, sooner or later, a necessity in the development of the missionary enterprise. Happy the man or the woman who has the means and the heart to contribute to their success.

"THE Field is the World" is a pamphlet containing in verse a portrayal of the peculiar need of each heathen and nominally Christian country where missionaries are stationed. It is sufficient in length and suitable in character to occupy a large part of an evening, and can be brought out in a variety of ways, with or without costume. It contains directions for such use. It can be obtained by sending 25 cents to its author, Mrs. G. Clinton Smith, Springfield, Ill. All money received above its cost goes towards the support of a missionary in China. We commend it for its value.

RECENT tidings from Southern India indicate the continuance of the remarkable movement towards Christianity on the part of the people. Following the reports of large accessions in Tinnevely, under the care of the Church Missionary Society, and among the Telooagoos, where the American Baptist Board have had such success, comes the news from the Madura District that the missionaries of the American Board are receiving large numbers to their churches. Hundreds of natives, and in one place, Mandapasalai, nearly a thousand, have abjured idolatry and professed their desire to come under Christian instruction.

IN accordance with Miss Cilley's request we give the names of District Secretaries of Western Y. M.'s, as follows: Michigan, Mrs. Mary P. Platt, Hillsdale, Michigan; Ohio and Pennsylvania, Mrs. T. H. Drake, South New Lyme, O.; Ohio River, Mrs. I. Z. Haning, Rio Grande, O.; Ohio, Mrs. Hannah Bennett, Blanchester, O.; Central Ohio, Mrs. J. B. Lash, Bloomville, O.; Indiana, Mrs. D. A. Tucker, Millhousen, Decatur Co., Ind.; Northern Indiana, Mary Humphrey, Lignoier, Ind.; Illinois, Miss Martha Pouley, Blackberry Station, Ill.; Wisconsin, Mrs. A. Kenan, Oshkosh, Wis.; Iowa, Mrs. A. Bratt, Quarry, Marshall Co., Iowa; Northern Iowa, Miss L. E. Champlin, Waterloo, Iowa.

WE learn from letters bringing renewals and new names that some subscribers failed to receive the *HELPER* regularly last year. We sought faithfully and with care to mail a copy to each subscriber, oftentimes doing, for the convenience of agents and others sending us lists at club rates, what was not included in the terms offered, viz: writing the name of the subscriber on the cover, and including the whole in one package directed to the postmaster. It is better to send them to the address of some person who will be responsible for their distribution. Again, it is sometimes difficult to determine just what the address is. Will any one failing to receive her copy please notify us *at once*? It seems unavoidable that there shall be some mistakes, but we are always glad to supply another copy.

Many have done nobly. In the fulfillment of the promise which we made in our last issue, we would state that the three ladies who sent us the largest number of subscribers are Mrs. E. W. Porter, Paige Street church, Lowell, Mass., 67; Mrs. M. M. H. Hills, Washington Street church, Dover, N. H., 58; and Mrs. Thomas Tyrie, Saco, Me., 53. To these we append the names of fifteen other churches from which the largest number of subscribers is received. Roger Williams church, Providence, 50; Main Street, Lewiston, Me., 47; Olneyville, R. I., 40; Haverhill, Mass., 36; Park Street church, Providence, 35; Portland, Me., 32; Greenville, R. I., 31; Barrington, N. S., 30; Hillsdale, Mich., 30; Mt. Vernon Street church, Lowell, Mass., 26; Augusta, Me., 25; Great Falls, N. H., 25; Farmington, N. H., 25; New Hampton, N. H., 24. There are doubtless other churches which have done as well and even better in proportion to their numbers.

Children's Niche.

OUR DUTY.

We, who 'mid the noon-day splendor
Of the Sun of Righteousness,
Know full well the old, old story,
That the Saviour came to bless,—
Shall we hear the cry of millions
Plunged in shades of deepest gloom,
Millions surely, swiftly hastening
To a dark and hopeless tomb?

Shall we hear, and all unheeding
Shut our eyes and close our ears,
Walking in our own bright pathway
Careless of their prayers and tears?
Shall the love of self o'ercome us,
And our offerings ne'er be laid
On God's altar, for his children
Perishing for lack of aid?

No! we'll tell the dear old story
Of the One who reigns above,
How he left the realms of glory
With a heart so full of love;
How he lived and how he suffered,
In this world of sin and woe,
That his weary, guilty children
Might the bliss of Heaven know.

Yes! we'll tell the dear old story
By our *prayers* and *offerings* given,
To dispel the shades of darkness
To disclose the joys of Heaven;
What were wealth or earthly pleasure,
To the bliss of those who know
They have won some gems for Jesus,
While they're laboring here below?

— IOLA.

BESSIE'S GOLDEN CROWN.

This article is written by a member of one of our most promising Bands. Bessie's act, from some points of view, may seem strange, but is it not a miniature picture of that sacrifice which many a real Christian worker is gladly making, as she enters, more and more, into the spirit and meaning of Christ's teachings and example?

ONE sultry day in August little Bessie came home from church very demure. The sermon had been about missions, and the description of the wretchedness of the heathen very vivid. It was seldom that a sermon had any meaning to Bessie, for her little body was far too active during the service. She could 'nt resist the temptation, when the people turned around for singing to pull very slyly one of the bright-red hairs belonging to the little boy in front of her, and many a game of "peep-a-boo" did they have over the back of the seat.

But to-day little red-haired Ned was 'nt there, so Bessie sat close beside her mamma, and listened to the story of the

heathen, and her soul was stirred to its very depths ; that was what made the little one so sober. She kept tight hold of her papa's hand and walked quietly along, while she usually skipped, and the blue ribbons on the little white hat, that were always blowing and tossing in and out among the yellow curls, hung straight and prim, as if they, too, were dreaming of the poor beings far over the sea.

After they reached home, and during dinner, every one wondered what ailed Bessie. Grandma took her on her lap and thought she must be sick, and, as she smoothed the soft hair and white forehead (as only grandma's can), breathed a prayer that God would bless and keep her "little sunbeam." But mamma knew that the little brain was busy and the little heart almost bursting, but she said not a word, feeling certain that before Bessie went to sleep that night she should know all about what troubled her ; and as she felt tired, she went into the cool parlor to lie down. In a little while Bessie slid quietly down from grandma's lap and went to find her mamma. As she opened the parlor door and went in, a bright thought seemed to strike her, for she ran forward and picked up a braid of her mamma's false hair as it lay on the floor. She looked at it a moment, then catching up her little pink sun-bonnet and a pair of scissors, ran out through the yard and down into the orchard back of the house, and threw herself down under one of the old apple trees. What was she going to do ?

Well, Bessie had determined to do something to help the "heathum," as she called them, but what it should be she had only just decided. She thought she might cut off her long yellow curls and send them to India ; and, said Bessie, "mebbe some 'ittle girl heathum what ain't got any curls could wear 'em, and would 'nt she be glad ; and when she died, and I died too, I'd see her way up in heaven, and p'raps God would pat my head and say, here's 'ittle Bessie, what gived away her curls to that poor 'ittle heathum, and mebbe he would let me wear one of the 'golden crowns'

that the minister said we could have. Poor heathums ain't got no curls!" So clip, clip, went the bright scissors, till one by one the shining curls lay in her lap. As she looked at them a large tear dropped down. They were all gone! No more curls for Bessie! but the bright vision of the "golden crown" kept dancing before her eyes, and she began to pick the long green grass around her to tie them together with. Bravely she worked; but when it was almost finished, Bessie was so tired and sleepy. Slowly the little fingers became still, and the large eyes drooped, and bright Bessie was asleep.

The shadows grew long on the grass; the little birds in the old tree above her head were twittering their glad good-night, and the beautiful calm of a Sabbath twilight came stealing softly down. Her mother missed her, looked all around the yard, up and down the street, and as a last resort, walked down through the orchard. There, beside a rock, lay a little pink sun-bonnet, and a little farther on she saw Bessie fast asleep; in her chubby hand were the curls tied together with grasses, and at her feet lay the scissors gleaming among the green. Her little face was flushed, and a roguish smile played about her lips, and she looked so sweet and happy.

Poor mamma! Gently she carried her into the house, and just as she laid her in her little bed, the great eyes opened, and Bessie murmured, "I's got a 'golden crown,'" and then they closed again, leaving her mamma to wonder what her little pet could mean, and to shed silent tears for her darling's golden curls. Perhaps that night, in her dreams, little Bessie was borne far away over the meadows, far, far above the old apple trees, and beyond the dark green hills, to the "land of flowers," where some day, she, with other children, and the "little heathums," too, shall sing together around the throne of Him who loves the little ones, and has promised to every little giver a bright and shining golden crown.

LETTERS FROM THE BANDS.

BLACKSTONE, MASS.

THE Mission Band at Blackstone held their regular meeting Tuesday evening, January 28. Much interest was shown in "Questions on India." As we listened to accounts of India and her need of the gospel, we longed to do more towards sending the good tidings of the truth there. How often we forget what we ourselves owe to missions; forget those early Christians who left home and friends to bear the name of Jesus to England's shores!

By the aid of the mission map, the stations of the different missionaries were pointed out. Then followed a sketch, "Strange Scenes in India," read by one of the members. "All the way long it is Jesus," was well rendered by our quartette of male voices.

Members of the Children's Mission Band gave the recitations, "Our little Sisters," and "Is Your Lamp Burning?" Another reading, "The Legend of the Organ Builder," by Miss Mann, followed. Music closed the evening's entertainment.

The band was organized last summer, since which time the interest seems to be steadily increasing. The last meetings have been encouraging in all respects, the attendance is good, and we all hope to do more work this year, both for India and Home Missions.

IDA J. COLE.

A SAD, STRANGE WEDDING.

You understand something of "caste" in India — that, as a rule, each one must marry in his or her own caste. The high caste Brahmin is an exception. He may marry a good many wives, but the first must be of his own grade; the others may be lower. In the latter case, it is considered an honor to all the bride's family. Miss Brittan, Calcutta missionary, relates the following incident: "A little while ago, a Brahmin, over eighty years of age, was carried down and laid by the Ganges to die. Then a little girl of only eight years was brought and married to that old man, her parents thinking it a great honor for their daughter to marry a Brahmin. They did not care what the poor little girl suffered, for, of course, the moment the old man died she was a widow, and must bear all her life the sufferings attached to that condition. The higher the caste of the man the greater the privations his widow must endure."

A FAMOUS TEMPLE.

In Java is the great temple of Borobodo, built for the worship of Buddha. It is in the shape of a pyramid, some four hundred feet square, nine stories high, and ascended by a series of huge steps. This is four times as high as the houses you usually see, which are two stories and one-half. This immense stone building covers nearly four acres. Buddha was a great priest in India who was born 543 years before Christ came into the world. He was a good man, and a great teacher. He taught self-sacrifice, kindness to the poor, love for all, and a pure life. When he died he was made a saint by the people, and worshiped. There is a legend that of all the lamps kindled in his honor, all ceased burning save the one offered by a poor woman. Thus showing that they believed the only God they knew anything about was more tender even to the poor than to the rich.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY of Augusta, Me., says, "We hereby desire to purchase two shares of the salary of Miss Phillips. Enclosed please find \$10.00 to pay for the same." A good investment, and the interest will never fail.

MRS. J. A. KEYES, of Montague, Mich., sends to Miss DeMeritte \$1.00, and says, "There is no Auxiliary anywhere near us, hence I send alone. My little folks number four, and we have concluded to call ourselves a Missionary Band and take one share in Miss Ida's salary, which I intend to send in quarterly installments." We hope others will follow this noble example; where there is *a will* to give there is always a way.

CONTRIBUTIONS

RECEIVED BY THE

Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society,
FROM DEC. 12, 1878, TO FEB. 12, 1879.

MAINE.			
Auburn, Aux. Court Street church.	\$5 18	Lewiston, Auxiliary, Main Street church.....	31 18
Augusta, Young Peoples' Society, for Miss I. Phillip's salary....	10 00	Topsham, Auxiliary.....	10 00
Biddeford, E. M. H., for Miss Crawford.....	1 00	West Buxton, Auxiliary.....	4 00
North Berwick, Auxiliary.....	11 52	West Falmouth, Auxiliary, for native teacher.....	10 00
Pittsfield, Auxiliary, for native teacher.....	10 66	West Falmouth, Children's Band, for Miss Phillip's salary.....	5 00
Portland, Little Seed Sowers, for support of Alice Rich, India...	5 00	West Falmouth, a friend, for F. M. West Waterville. D. R. Menter, for Myrtle Hall.....	1 00
			80
			\$105 34

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Children's Band, for Miss I. Phillip's salary.....	\$5 00
Candia, Mrs. M. A. Prescott, for finishing room in Myrtle Hall, to be called Prescott room, and for L. M.....	25 00
Concord, Auxiliary, balance for furnishing Rev. S. Curtis' room.....	5 00
Danville, Auxiliary.....	10 00
Great Falls, Mrs. J. Jones.....	1 00
" Mrs. Ivory Fall.....	1 04
Manchester, Lewis Lamb, Charlie Chapman, Charlie Dougan, Frank and Arthur Hardy, Alfred Brown, and Harry Quinby, members of a S. S. class, for Miss I. Phillip's salary.....	1 25
New Hampton, Auxiliary, for native teacher.....	21 50
Northwood Auxiliary.....	26 25
	<hr/> \$96 04

VERMONT.

Lyndon Centre, Children of S. S., for Miss I. Phillip's salary....	\$2 50
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Barnardston, Mrs. E. C. Jenness, for Myrtle Hall.....	\$2 00
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RHODE ISLAND.

Apponaug, S. S. class, Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	\$2 00
Carolina Mills, Mission Band, Miss Phillip's salary.....	5 00
Chepachet, Ladies, for Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	2 50
Greenville, Mission Band, for Miss I. Phillip's salary.....	10 00
Hope Valley, Mrs. F. Barrows, Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	1 00
Olneyville, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	12 50
Olneyville, Children's Sewing Circle, Miss H. Phillip's salary....	5 00
Pascoag, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	45 00
Pawtucket, Mrs. Monkhouse, Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	1 00
Pawtucket, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	6 25
Providence, Mrs. A. E. Amsbury, for Myrtle Hall.....	5 00
Providence, Miss M. L. Sumner, for Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	1 00
Providence, Helping Hands, Park Street church, for Miss I. Phillip's salary.....	5 00
Providence, Mrs. M. A. Stone, Greenwich Street church, for Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	5 00
Providence, Auxiliary, Pond Street church, for Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	1 25

DOVER, N. H.

Tiverton, Busy Bees, for Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	2 50
Tiverton, Ladies' Benevolent Society, one-half for Miss Phillip's salary and one-half for Myrtle Hall.....	7 03
Friends of HELPER, per Mrs. J. M. Brewster, for Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	1 00
Collected at Mission Meeting, for Miss H. Phillip's salary.....	1 97
	<hr/> \$120 00

NEW YORK.

Hamlet, Mrs. E. C. Spencer, for F. M.....	\$5 00
Poland, Mrs. C. Brayton, for Myrtle Hall.....	5 00
	<hr/> \$10 00

OHIO.

New Lyme, S. S., for Miss I. Phillip's salary.....	\$5 00
Prospect, Sarah W. Cratty.....	5 00
Rio Grande, Miss Nellie Phillips, for Myrtle Hall.....	2 00
Springfield, Jessie Posten and Jessie Hartfield, 25 cents each, one-half for Myrtle Hall and one-half for India.....	50
	<hr/> \$12 50

MICHIGAN.

Genesee, Q. M. Missionary Society.	\$13 57
Genesee Q. M. collected as follows: Davison Church, \$4.55, one-half each H. M. and F. M.; Dayton, \$1.04. H. M. and 12 cents F. M.; Flint River, \$1.07 F. M.; Goodrich, \$3.87 H. M. and \$4.11 F. M.—13 cents expense.....	14 63
Hillsdale, S. S. class \$5, and S. S. \$1.50, all for Miss I. Phillip's salary.....	6 50
Hillsdale, Winifred Spaulding, \$1; Marian Spaulding, 75 cents; Lewis Spaulding, 50 cents; H. Lester Horton, 75 cents; Emilie Barnes, 50 cents; Amelia Turner, 50 cents; Julia Reynolds, 50 cents; Kittie Mills, 50 cents; for Miss I. Phillip's salary, and all received for prizes awarded in the S. S.....	5 00
Montague, Mrs. J. A. Keyes, for her family Missionary Band, towards Miss I. Phillip's salary.	1 00
	<hr/> \$40 70

MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis, Mrs. H. Keith, F. M.	\$2 00
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SUNDRIES.

Mrs. P. Messer, for F. M.....	\$1 00
Total.....	\$392 08

Miss L. A. DeMERITTE, Treasurer.